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WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (EP. NO. 812) OK

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DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC. Orchestra; Quartet: Ranger's Song

ANNOUNCER: Here we go to the Pine Cone Ranger District, for another look-in on Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in the National Forests. Throughout a large part of the country this season of the year is what the Rangers call the "fire season," when the forests are dry and fire is an ever present menace. On the highest points in the National Forests lookouts are keeping a constant watch for the first sign of smoke that may rise from the miles and miles of trees surrounding them, and the entire Forest Service organization is on its toes to go after any fires that start.

At the Pine Cone Station we find Ranger Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick, his assistant, preparing to send a load of supplies up to the lookout stations by pack mule. Here they are - - -

JERRY: (FADING IN) Doggone that mule! Get onto there! ---  
Get away from there! Beat it!

JIM: (FADING IN) What's the matter, Jerry, having trouble?

JERRY: It's that pesky gray mule of Slim's. He keeps poking his nose into all the packs.

JIM: Why don't you tie him up?



JERRY: Can't get my hands on 'im. The ornery critter keeps just outa reach all the time. Look at the ornery cuss

JIM: (LAUGHS) That mule's a natural born practical joker. He acts just like a mischievous boy. Cuttin' up all the time to get somebody to pay attention to 'im. (CALLING) Hi! Slim! Better tie up this mule of yours before Jerry spansks him.

SLIM: (FADING IN) Okay, Boss. Here, Smokey, come 'ere, boy.

JERRY: Say, Slim, why don't you get rid of that damned mule, like you say you're goin' to? He's more trouble'n he's worth.

SLIM: Well, I'll tell yuh, Jerry, that mule's so plumb ornery and mean that I - - (CHUCKLES) ---dog on it, I guess I kinda like 'im. He's more company for me than all the rest of the string put together.

JERRY: I see. You kinda understand each other, eh? (LAUGHS)

SLIM: Well, you might say --- huh? (GETS IT) --- Say-y-y--- Did you check over the list of supplies to go up, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, everything's here. I'll have all the panniers loaded as soon as Slim has the mules saddled.

SLIM: Take yer time. I gotta catch this here Smokey afore I kin put a saddle on 'im. (FADING) Come, Smokey! Come, boy! Come on, Smokey!





JIM: (CHUCKLING) They're quite a pair, those two. Here, I'll help you load the panniers.

JERRY: Have you heard how Dick Halsey's making out up there at the lookout station since it got that peppering of lightning?

JIM: Yeah. I was talking to him when he called in this morning, when you were feedin' the horses. He said he's doin' all right. Back's a little sore where the supboard fell on him, but otherwise he's okay.

JERRY: He was pretty lucky to get out of that mess with no more than a sore back. That bolt of lightning certainly shook up the place.

JIM: Lightning sure does funny things. Did I ever tell you about old Stopp Grad; that used to be lookout up on Windy Mountain?

JERRY: No, did he get hit by lightning?

JIM: Well, not exactly hit, but he was kind of aggravated at the trick it played on him.

JERRY: What happened?



JIM: Well, Steep got his name from the way he walked, kinda bent over as if he was carryin' a sack of grain on his shoulders. He was up tall I guess he felt kinda lonesome bein' up higher'n everybody else. Well, anyway, he was one of the first lookouts we had around here and he was a good one, too. You know, we've always had trouble gettin' water up there onto Windy Peak, and it's been that way ever since we put the lookout station there. Steep had to be so careful with water that he'd let his whiskers grow so as to keep from wastin' any. But when it rained, he'd put out all the pots and pans he had to catch the water so he could take all the baths he wanted and shave twice a day. Well, when this particular storm came along, he was so anxious to get a shave that he got himself some rain water and started in right aw, while it was still rainin'. He had one side of his face all shaved when the lightning struck.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Oh, I know the rest of it. When he came to, he found the other side of his face was shaved too.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) There you go, spoiling a good story. But that's what it did, they say, - and more'n that, it shaved him so close on that side that the force of it made the whiskers grow back out again on the other side of his face.



JERRY: (LAUGHING) That's a good one, all right, Jim. I don't suppose you can tell before his wickens got back to normal. Did you?

JIM: Well, come to think of it, I reckon he was back to normal the parks on while Slim's gettin' that other one rigged up.

JERRY: All right. Which one shall we tackle first, Old Bertha?

JIM: Yeah. She's a patient old critter -- Let's see --

These panniers look like they'd weigh about even --

JERRY: These two'll balance, Jim. You don't need to lift 'em. I put the same kind of stuff in both of them -- Come on, here, Bertha! Steady!

JIM: All right, up she goes!

SOUND: (DULL THUD OF PACK)

JIM: Uh! --- All right, pull up the rope, Jerry

JERRY: Yep! There y'are!

JIM: Now throw on your pack cover --- whoa, there, mule! Nothin' to get excited about -- whoa!

JERRY: Comin' over with the last rope.

JIM: Let her come. Under now! Got it hooked? -- Hey, got it hooked? -- What's the matter -- Dreamin' about that party you're going to tonight?

JERRY: Oh -- yeah, she's hooked all right, Jim.

JIM: All right on this side. Pull away on it.





SLIM: (FADING IN) Gettin' she packs on 'em? -- Hey, that one's too loose. Is gotta make it up tighter. I kin see 'er saggin' already.

JERRY: (GRUPED) I guess I'm able to pack a mule by now.

SLIM: Well, she ain't tight enough anyhow. If I gotta lead that string o' mules, they gotta be packed right. I ain't gonna have them loads scattered all over the trail.

JERRY: That load's gonna ride all right

SLIM: She ain't tight enough.

JIM: I reckon we can tighten 'er up a little, Jerry. (CHUCKLES) I guess Slim sorta takes after his mules ---

SLIM: Well, maybe I am a wee mite stubborn, myself. But the only way ye kin git along with them mules is to be stubbener'n they are.

JERRY: There, is that tight enough, Slim?

SLIM: Yeah, it'll do I guess.

JIM: Okay! Now everybody's satisfied. Even the mule. Huh, how about it, old girl? She looks like she'd worn that pack all her life.

SLIM: That's Bertha. She's the stiddest critter I got in the whole string -- Oh, say, Jim, don't let me fergit that mail fer the boys up on the lookout stations.

JIM: I put it over there on that box, Slim, when I came out.





SLIM: I'll put 'er in my saddle bag right now. I took 'er without it one time, and them lookout boys like you scared me clear outta the county. I reckon they give longhorns up on them mountain tops.

JIM: Now and then they do, all right --- Whoo, huh! How's this pack, Slim?

Tight enough for you?

SLIM: Might call it up a little.

JIM: Okay! Hold 'er up a minute, while I hitch on the ropes, Jerry.

JERRY: I got it!

JIM: How's that, Slim?

SLIM: It's pretty fair.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) We've gotta have these ropes packed just right, you know.

SLIM: Well, now, maybe that left pack's hangin' just a little low. I reckon I better draw that hitch up a little tighter.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) All right, Slim.

SLIM: There, that's better.

JIM: Got the other ropes loaded, Slim?

SLIM: Yep.

JIM: Well, you might as well hit the trail then.

SLIM: Yeah, I'll be ridin' -- Whoo, Belle -- Stiddy!

JERRY: You've got it straight what goes where, haven't you, Slim?



SLIM: There. (FADE GRADUALLY) There's just two loads: one to Bald Peak and the rest to Windy Mountain. The stuff in those black panniers is tuh be dropped off for the trail crew.

SOUND: (HOOFES -- FADING)

JERRY: Right -- So look, Slim.

JIM: Take care of yourself.

SOUND: (FADE HOOFES)

SLIM: (FADING) S'long, boys. I'll be seein' yuh -- Giddap, Belle!

JIM: Well, Jerry, let's go into the office and get some of that work done. It's kinda piled up on us. (CHUCKLES) Oh, and you too get up about that party you and Mary are going to tonight to get any work done?

JERRY: Oh no, not that bad. But I am keen about going to that party tonight at that. It's going to be the biggest they've ever had at the hotel.

JIM: Yep, so they say. -- But to get down to earth, -- how about you makin' the rap for the Wildlife Special use permit.

(FADING A BIT) You'll find the notes of the survey in my field book.

JERRY: (FADING A BIT) Okay, Jim. Shall I type up the report, too?

JIM: Yeah, if you will. -- Say, this screen door needs a coat of paint.

SOUND: (SCREEN DOOR OPEN)

JERRY: I can do that tomorrow, Jim, if we get this office work cleaned up.

SOUND: (SCREEN DOOR CLOSING)



JIM: (FADING IN) We'll do that. It's a good thing I've got you to run that typewriter. I never could make one of the pesky things spell right.

JERRY: (FADING IN) (LAUGHS) We oughta have a stenographer for this station.

BESS: (FADING IN) Who's this that's going to get a stenographer?

JIM: Jerry was saying maybe I oughta have one to help me with the office work here.

BESS: It would suit me fine if she'd be responsible for gettin' you two men to the table on time.

(THEY LAUGH)

BESS: Mary's coming up some time today, Jerry. She wants me to help her put the finishing touches on her new dress for the party tonight.

JERRY: Is she? -- Gee, she got a new dress and everything for the party?

BESS: Yee, she's all excited about it.

JERRY: It's gonna be a swell affair, all right. Some of the guests at the summer hotel are stayin' over a day just to get in on it.

JIM: I hear they're gonna have two orchestras.

JERRY: That's right.

JIM: How come? Won't one make enough noise?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) I guess not.

BESS: You'll be mighty proud of Mary in her new dress, Jerry.





JERRY: I'd be proud of her if she wore an apron -- But, golly, I'm not gonna look so hot. I haven't had a new suit for a long time.

JIM: I guess Mary's smart enough to know it takes more'n a new suit to make a man.

JERRY: But I wanta look as well as ---

MARY: (DISTANCE) Hello, everybody!

SOUND: (SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

JERRY: Hello, Mary. Mrs. Robbins just told me you were coming up today.

MARY: Yes, I brought my dress along to have her help me with it.

BESS: My goodness, and you've got your hair fixed a new way, too.

MARY: (PLEASED) Just for this occasion.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Jerry hasn't been warts a host around here for the last couple of days. You'd think he'd never been to a party before in his life.

JERRY: Well, we haven't been to anything for a long time.

BESS: No, they haven't, Jim. Young folks ought to get a chance to have a good time once in a while. -- You also is see Mary's new dress, Jim. It's the prettiest thing I think I ever saw.

JERRY: Gee, I'd like to see it.

BESS: Why don't you put it on and show them, Mary, before I start working on it?

MARY: I'd love to.





BEES: (FADING) Come along with me then. We'll be home in a jiffy.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Mary sure has her heart set on this party, hasn't she?

JERRY: Yeah, she hasn't been to a big one like this for a long time, I guess.

JIM: I reckon it'll be a kind of a treat for you, too, son. Rangers don't have much of a chance to go traipsin' around

JERRY: Gosh, I wish I had a better looking suit. I should have thought of it before this. -- Isgone it, I hope it won't spoil Mary's good time because --

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Don't you worry about Mary not havin' a good time. A woman wearin' a new dress don't need any more good time than havin' somebody tell her she's lookin' like a million dollars.

JERRY: That won't be hard to tell Mary.

JIM: Nope, it won't, at that.

JERRY: Say, Jim. Look out the window. That looks like a thunder storm coming up.

JIM: It is kinda black over there the other side of the range.

JERRY: I hope it doesn't rain and spoil the party.

JIM: It looks more like a dry storm to me -- lightning storm.

JERRY: Yeah, it does.



JIM: That's the worst thing that could happen to us right now, with the woods so dry. A lightning storm can start as many as a hundred or more separate fires, sometimes.

JERRY: And you can't tell where they might pop up

JIM: Nope -- Hmm - if that storm's coming this way, we'll need every man we can get.

JERRY: Shall I tell Johnnie to stand by with the fire truck?

JIM: No, those clouds are too far away to be able to tell much. We'll wait a few minutes anyway. --- Well, well, will you look at this, Jerry?

MARY: (FADING IN) Do you like it?

JERRY: Gee, Mary, that's the grandest looking dress I ever saw.

BESS: Isn't it beautiful?!

JIM: Pretty as a picture. You look just like Bess used to look at your age, Mary.

BESS: Oh, stop it, Jim.

JIM: You'll be the belle of the party, Mary. I'm afraid you'll be so popular that Jerry'll get to be a wall flower.

JERRY: Golly, Mary, it's sure pretty. I hope you won't be ashamed of me in my year-before-last suit.

MARY: Don't be silly, Jerry. I wouldn't be ashamed of you if you went in your overalls.

JERRY: Gee, thanks, Mary.

JIM: Hmm. -- Looks like that storm's coming over the ridge this way, Jerry.



MUSIC: TRAM (SOMETHING SUGGESTING STORM) FADE DOWN FOR:

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JIM: Hello -- fire on Windy Mountain? - Mac reading --  
42 degrees -- all right. Report back on it in fifteen  
minutes. will you? ---

MUSIC UP - FADE DOWN FOR:

VOICE: Ready boys? Let's go!

SOUND: Motor truck - Siren

MUSIC UP - FADE DOWN FOR:

SOUND: Phone rings

JIM: Hello - yeah. Another fire? -- Spring Creek Canyon? --  
What's the reading?

MUSIC UP - ends

JERRY: (FADING IN) Hi, Jim.

JIM: Hello. Back already, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah. I left a couple of the boys to mop up on the  
Spring Creek fire. We got 'er stopped all right.

JIM: That's all of 'em then, Jerry. Ernie Knight just reported  
in on Windy Mountain. Says they've got 'er carralled.

JERRY: How many were there, Jim?

JIM: Fourteen fires that lightning storm started on our district,  
Jerry. We've got 'em all stopped now.

JERRY: Gee, I'm glad of that. I'm sure tired. -- What time is  
it, anyhow?

JIM: 'Bout 4 a.m., I reckon. It'll be daylight pretty quick.





JERRY: (YAWNS)

BESS: (COMING UP) Oh, you're back, Jerry?

JERRY: (SLEEPY) Yeah, just got back. Mrs. Robbins -- (SIDE GLANCE)  
 She, what's her -- oh, and you still here, Mary?

MARY: (COMING UP) Yes, Jerry. I've been waiting on the third  
 floor but now she's here. She looks a first-rate Alsatian.

JERRY: But, really still got your new evening dress on, too?

BESS: Yes, she's been taking phone calls and helping out on  
 things all night.

JERRY: Well -- we never got to the party, did we, Mary?

MARY: No, Jerry.

JIM: I'd almost given up on you, Jerry, but now I see you  
 are coming. (SHE GOES TO THE DOOR, KNOCKS)

MARY: That is not your style, Mr. Robbins. I understand  
 Jerry's a Bachelor and he's in the line of -- And I'm  
 proud of it. (SHE GOES TO THE DOOR)

JIM: I never saw so much of you, Mrs. Robbins. (SHE GOES TO THE DOOR)

MUSIC: (CORTAIN DROPS)

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers is presented each Friday by  
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